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The mikado

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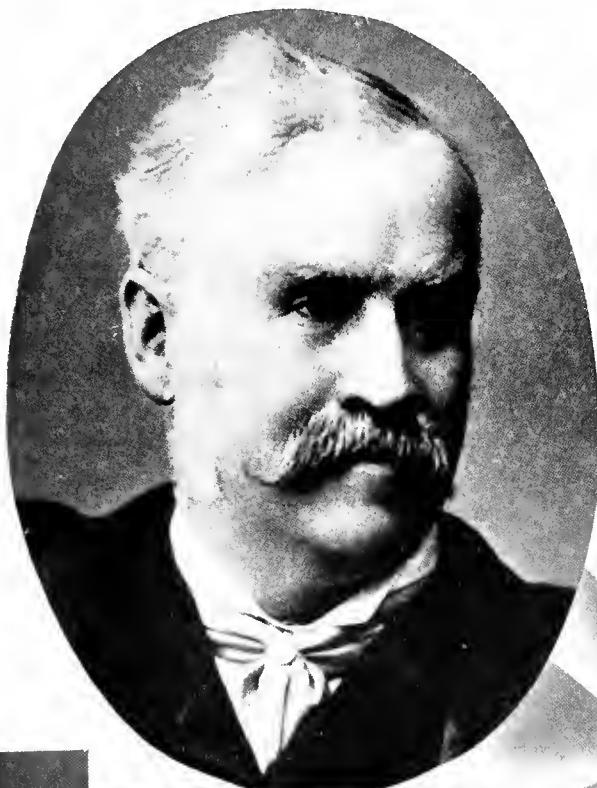
THE MIKADO



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The Unique Triumvirate Which Originated the **GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERAS**



Sir W. S. Gilbert
(Who wrote the Libretti)



Sir Arthur Sullivan
(Who composed the music)



Mr. Richard D'Oyly Carte
The co-ordinating Genius



THE YEOMAN OF THE GUARD



THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE



THE YEOMAN OF THE GUARD



PATIENCE



IOLANTHE

THE MIKADO

OR, THE TOWN OF TITIPU.

Written by W. S. Gilbert. Composed by Arthur S. Sullivan.

S Y N O P S I S

To escape the undesired attentions of Katisha, an elderly lady of his father's court, the son of the Mikado assumes the name of "Nanki-Poo", and flees to the City of Titipu, where he joins the town band as "second trombone". Here he meets Yum-Yum, a ward of Ko-Ko; and they fall in love; but Yum-Yum is betrothed to her guardian; and Nanki-Poo returns to the Imperial Court without revealing his identity.

A year elapses, and hearing that Ko-Ko has been condemned to death for flirting, Nanki-Poo disguised as a wandering minstrel, revisits Titipu in search of Yum-Yum, to find that Ko-Ko has been reprieved and appointed Lord High Executioner. Pish-Tush and Pooh-Bah, exalted nobles, convey this news to Nanki-Poo, who contemplates suicide. Ko-Ko, who has been commanded to perform an execution in Titipu within a month, or lose his office, persuades Nanki-Poo to marry Yum-Yum, on the condition that Nanki-Poo be executed at the end of four weeks of married bliss.

The populace is congratulating the young couple, when Katisha appears and claims her "perjured lover". The crowd refuses to hear her; and Act I ends with the betrothal of the two sweethearts.

Act II opens with Peep-Bo and Pitti-Sing preparing Yum-Yum for her nuptials with Nanki-Poo. Ko-Ko breaks in upon the lovers with the news that Pooh-Bah, as his

solicitor informs him that by the Mikado's law, when a married man is beheaded, his wife must be buried alive! Here is a dilemma! Then it is announced that the Mikado and his retinue are approaching Titipu. Ko-Ko fears that the Mikado will expect an execution to have taken place before his arrival. Ko-Ko plots with Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum to hurry up their marriage and to quit the City; and he, together with Pooh-Bah and Pitti-Sing arrange to inform the Mikado that an execution has taken place. The Mikado and Katisha arrive and hear a lurid tale of the execution. Next Katisha finds the name of the supposedly executed man to be "Nanki-Poo"; and the unhappy trio discover that they have executed the heir to the throne and thereby have incurred horrible death penalties. Respite is granted until after luncheon, whereupon Ko-Ko rushes off to find Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum are married and off on their honeymoon. They are told of the arrival of the Mikado and Katisha. Fearing to face an unwed Katisha, Nanki-Poo persuades Ko-Ko to marry Katisha, which the unfortunate man does. Supposing Nanki-Poo dead, Katisha marries Ko-Ko, and when the offenders are summoned to appear before the Mikado to hear their fate, the whole deception is explained to the Mikado, Katisha announces her marriage with Ko-Ko; and Nanki-Poo presents his bride "Yum-Yum" to his delighted father, who exclaims "Nothing could be more satisfactory!"

ACT I.

SCENE.—Court-yard of Ko-Ko's Palace in Titipu. Japanese nobles discovered standing and sitting in attitudes suggested by native drawings.

CHORUS OF NOBLES

If you want to know who we are,
We are gentlemen of Japan:
On many a vase and jar—
On many a screen and fan,
We figure in lively paint:
Our attitudes queer and quaint—
You're wrong if you think it ain't
oh!

If you think we are worked by strings,
Like a Japanese marionette,
You don't understand these things:
It is simply Court etiquette.
Perhaps you suppose this throng
Can't keep it up all day long?
If that's your idea, you're wrong,
oh!

Enter Nanki-Poo in great excitement. He carries a native guitar on his back and a bundle of ballads in his hand.

RECIT.—Nanki-Poo.

Gentlemen, I pray you tell me
Where a gentle maiden dwel-
leth,

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE MIKADO OF JAPAN
NANKI-POO (his Son, disguised as a wandering minstrel, and in love with YUM-YUM)
KO-KO (Lord High Executioner of Titipu)
POOH-BAH (Lord High Everything Else)
PISH-TUSH (a Noble Lord)
YUM-YUM } Three Sisters
PITTI-SING } Wards of Ko-Ko.
PEEP-BO
KATISHA (an elderly Lady, in love with NANKI-POO)
CHORUS OF SCHOOL-GIRLS, NOBLES, GUARDS, AND COOLIES.
ACT I.—Court-yard of Ko-Ko's Official Residence.
ACT II.—Ko-Ko's Garden.

Named Yum-Yum, the ward of Ko-Ko?

In pity speak — oh, speak, I pray you!

A Noble. Why, who are you who ask this question?

Nanki-Poo. Come gather round me, and I'll you.

SONG AND CHORUS

A wandering minstrel I—

A thing of shreds and patches,
Of ballads, songs and snatches,
And dreamy lullaby!
My catalogue is long,
Through every passion raging,
And to your humours changing
I tune my supple song!
Are you in sentimental mood?
I'll sigh with you,
Oh, sorrow, sorrow!
On maiden's coldness do you brood?
I'll do so, too—
Oh, sorrow, sorrow!
I'll charm your willing ears
With songs of lovers' fears,
While sympathetic tears
My cheeks bedew—
Oh, sorrow, sorrow!
But if patriotic sentiment is wanted,
I've patriotic ballads cut and dried;
For where'er our country's banner may
be planted,
All other local banners are defied!
Our warriors, in serried ranks assembled,
Never quail—or they conceal it if they do—
And I shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled
Before the mighty troops of Titipu!

Chorus. We shouldn't be surprised, &c.
Nank. And if you call for a song of the sea,

We'll heave the capstan round,
With a yeo heave ho, for the wind is free,
Her anchor's a-trip and her helm's a-lee,
Hurrah for the homeward bound!

Chorus. Yeo-ho—heave ho—
Hurrah for the homeward bound!

To lay aloft in a howling breeze
May tickle a landsman's taste,
But the happiest hour a sailor sees
Is when he's down
At an inland town,

With his Nancy on his knees, yeo ho !
And his arm around her waist !

Chorus. Then man the capstan—off we go,
As the fiddler swings us round,
With a yeo heave ho,
And a rum below,

Hurrah for the homeward bound !

A wandering minstrel I, &c.

Enter Pish-Tush.

Pish. And what may be your business with Yum-Yum ?

Nank. I'll tell you. A year ago I was a member of the Titipu town band. It was my duty to take the cap round for contributions. While discharging this delicate office I saw Yum-Yum. We loved each other at once, but she was betrothed to her guardian Ko-Ko, a cheap tailor, and I saw that my suit was hopeless. Overwhelmed with despair I quitted the town. Judge of my delight when I heard, a month ago, that Ko-Ko had been condemned to death for flirting ! I hurried back at once, in the hope of finding Yum-Yum at liberty to listen to my protestations.

Pish. It is true that Ko-Ko was condemned to death for flirting, but he was reprieved at the last moment, and raised to the exalted rank of Lord High Executioner under the following reliable circumstances:

SONG.—Pish-Tush and Chorus.

Our great Mikado, virtuous man,
When he to rule our land began,

Resolved to try

A plan whereby

Young men might best be steadied.
So he decreed, in words succinct,
That all who flirted, leered or winked,
(Unless connubially linked,)

Should forthwith be beheaded.

And I expect you'll all agree
That he was right to so decree.

And I am right,

And you are right,

And all is right as right can be!

Chorus. And you are right,
And we are right, &c.

This stern decree, you'll understand,
Caused great dismay throughout the land!

For young and old

And shy and bold

Were equally affected.

The youth who winked a roving eye,
Or breathed a non-connubial sigh,
Was thereupon condemned to die—

He usually objected.

And you'll allow, as I expect,
That he was right to so object.

And I am right.

And you are right,
And everything is quite correct!

Chorus. And you are right,
And we are right, &c.

And so we straight let out on bail
A convict from the county jail,

Whose head was next

On some pretext

Condemned to be mown off,

And made him Headsman, for we said,
Who's next to be decapitated

Cannot cut off another's head

Until he's cut his own off."

And we are right, I think you'll
say,

To argue in this kind of way

And I am right,

And you are right,

And all is right—too-looral-lay!

Chorus. And you are right,
And we are right, &c.

[*Exeunt Chorus.*

Enter Pooh-Bah.

Nank. Ko-Ko, the cheap tailor, Lord High Executioner of Titipu! Why, that's the highest rank a citizen can attain!

Pooh. It is. Our logical Mikado, seeing no moral difference between the dignified judge, who condemns a criminal to die, and the industrious mechanic who carries out the sentence, has rolled the two offices into one, and every judge is now his own executioner.

Nank. But how good of you (for I see that you are a nobleman of the highest rank) to condescend to tell all this to me. a mere strolling minstrel!

Pooh. Don't mention it. I am, in point of fact, a particularly haughty and exclusive person, of pre-Adamite ancestral descent. You will understand this when I tell you that I can trace my ancestry back to a protoplasmal primordial atomic globule. Consequently, my family pride is something inconceivable. I can't help it. I was born sneering. But I struggle hard to overcome this defect. I mortify my pride continually. When all the great officers of State resigned in a body, because they were too proud to serve under an ex-tailor, did I not unhesitatingly accept all their posts at once?

Pish. And the salaries attached to them? You did.

Pooh. It is consequently my degrading duty to serve this unstart as First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chief Justice, Commander-in-Chief, Lord High Admiral, Master of the Buckhounds, Groom of the Back Stairs, Archbishop of Titipu, and Lord Mayor, both acting and elect, all rolled into one. And at a salary! A Pooh-Bah paid for his services! I a salaried minion! But I do it! It revolts me, but I do it!

Nank. And it does you credit.

Pooh. But I don't stop at that. I go and dine with middle-class people on reasonable terms. I dance at cheap suburban parties for a moderate fee. I accept refreshment at any hands, however lowly. I also retail State secrets at a very low figure. For in-

stance, any further information about Yum-Yum would come under the head of a State secret. (*Nanki-Poo takes the hint, and gives him money.*) (Aside.) Another insult, and I think a light one!

SONG.—Pooh-Bah with Nanki-Poo and Pish.

Young man, despair,

Likewise go to,

Yum-Yum the fair

You must not woo.

It will not do:

I'm sorry for you,

You very imperfect ablutoner!

This very day

From school Yum-Yum

Will wend her way,

And homeward come,

With beat of drum

And a rum-tum-tum,

To wed the Lord High Executioner!

And the brass will crash,

And the trumpets bray,

And they'll cut a dash

On their wedding day.

She'll toddle away, as all aver,

With the Lord High Executioner!

Nank. and Pooh. And the brass will crash.

&c.

It's a hopeless case,

As you may see,

And in your place

Away I'd flee;

But don't blame me—

I'm sorry to be

Of your pleasure a diminutioner.

They'll vow their pact

Extremely soon,

In point of fact

This afternoon

Her honeymoon

With that buffoon

At seven commences, so you shun her!

All. And the brass will crash, &c.

[*Exit Pish-Tush.*

RECIT.—Nanki-Poo and Pooh-Bah.

Nank.

And have I journeyed for a month, or nearly,

To learn that Yum-Yum, whom I love so dearly,

This day to Ko-Ko is to be united!

Pooh.

The fact appears to be as you've recited: But here he comes, equipped as suits his station;

He'll give you any further information.

[*Exeunt Pooh-Bah and Nanki-Poo.*

Enter Chorus of Nobles.

Behold the Lord High Executioner!

A personage of noble rank and title—

A dignified and potent officer,
Whose functions are particularly vital!

Defer, defer,

To the Lord High Executioner!

Enter Ko-Ko attended.

SOLO.—Ko-Ko.

Taken from the county jail

By a set of curious chances;

Liberated then on bail,

On my own recognizances;

Wafted by a favouring gale

As one sometimes is in trances,
To a height that few can scale,
Save by long and weary dances;
Surely, never had a male
Under such like circumstances
So adventurous a tale,
Which may rank with most romances.

Chorus. Defer, defer,

To the Lord High Executioner, &c.

Ko. Gentlemen, I'm much touched by this reception. I can only trust that by strict attention to duty I shall ensure a continuance of those favours which it will ever be my study to deserve. If I should ever be called upon to act professionally, I am happy to think that there will be no difficulty in finding plenty of people whose loss will be a distinct gain to society at large.

SONG.—Ko-Ko with Chorus of Men.
As some day it may happen that a victim must be found,

I've got a little list—I've got a little list
Of society offenders who might well be underground,

And who never would be missed—who never would be missed!

There's the pestilential nuisances who write for autographs—

All people who have flabby hands and irritating laughs—

All children who are up in dates, and floor you with 'em flat—

All persons who in shaking hands, shake hands with you like that—

And all third persons who on spoiling tête-à-têtes insist—

They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed!

Chorus. He's got 'em on the list—he's got 'em on the list;

And they'll none of 'em be missed—they'll none of 'em be missed.

There's the nigger serenader, and the others of his race,

And the piano organist—I've got him on the list!

And the people who eat peppermint and puff it in your face,

They never would be missed—they never would be missed!

Then the idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone

All centuries but this, and every country but his own;

And the lady from the provinces, who dresses like a guy,

And "who doesn't think she dances, but would rather like to try";

And that singular anomaly, the lady novelist—

I don't think she'd be missed—I'm sure she'd not be missed!

Chorus. He's got her on the list—he's got her on the list;

And I don't think she'll be missed—

I'm sure she'll not be missed!

And that Nisi Prius nuisance, who just now is rather rife,

The Judicial humorist—I've got him on the list!

All funny fellows, comic men, and clowns of private life—

They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed
And apologetic statesmen of a compromising kind,
Such as—what d'ye call him—Thing'embob, and likewise—Never mind,
And 'St—'st—'st—and What's-his-name, and also You-know-who—
The task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you.
But it really doesn't matter whom you put upon the list,
For they'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed!
Chorus. You may put 'em on the list—you may put 'em on the list;
And they'll none of 'em be missed—they'll none of 'em be missed!

[Exeunt Chorus.

Enter Pooh-Bah.

Ko. Pooh-Bah, it seems that the festivities in connection with my approaching marriage must last a week. I should like to do it handsomely, and I want to consult you as to the amount I ought to spend upon them.

Pooh. Certainly. In which of my capacities? As First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chamberlain, Attorney-General, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Privy Purse, or Private Secretary?

Ko. Suppose we say as Private Secretary.

Pooh. Speaking as your Private Secretary, I should say that as the city will have to pay for it, don't stint yourself, do it well.

Ko. Exactly—as the city will have to pay for it. That is your advice.

Pooh. As Private Secretary. Of course you will understand that, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, I am bound to see that due economy is observed.

Ko. Oh! but you said just now "don't stint yourself, do it well."

Pooh. As Private Secretary.

Ko. And now you say that due economy must be observed.

Pooh. As Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Ko. I see. Come over here, where the Chancellor can't hear us. (They cross the stage.) Now, as my Solicitor, how do you advise me to deal with this difficulty?

Pooh. Oh, as your Solicitor, I should have no hesitation in saying "chance it—"

Ko. Thank you. (Shaking his hand.) I will.

Pooh. If it were not that, as Lord Chief Justice, I am bound to see that the law isn't violated.

Ko. I see. Come over here where the Chief Justice can't hear us. (They cross the stage.) Now, then, as First Lord of the Treasury?

Pooh. Of course, as First Lord of the Treasury, I could propose a special vote that would cover all expenses, if it were not that, as Leader of the Opposition, it would be my duty to resist it, tooth and nail. Or, as Paymaster-General, I could so cook the accounts that as Lord High Auditor, I should never discover the fraud. But then, as Archbishop of Titipu, it would be my duty to denounce my dishonesty and give myself into my own custody as First Commissioner of Police.

Ko. That's extremely awkward.

Pooh. I don't say that all these distinguished people couldn't be squared; but it is right to tell you that they wouldn't be sufficiently degraded in their own estimation unless they are insulted with a very considerable bribe.

Ko. The matter shall have my careful consideration. But my bride and her sisters approach, and any little compliment on your part, such as an abject grovel in a characteristic Japanese attitude, would be esteemed a favour. [Exeunt together.

Enter procession of Yum-Yum's school-fellows, heralding Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo, and Pitti-Sing.

CHORUS OF GIRLS

Comes a train of little ladies
From scholastic trammels free,
Each a little bit afraid is,
Wondering what the world can be!
Is it but a world of trouble—
Sadness set to song?
Is its beauty but a bubble
Bound to break ere long?
Are its palaces and pleasures
Fantasies that fade?
And the glory of its treasures
Shadow of a shade?
Schoolgirls we, eighteen and under,
From scholastic trammels free,
And we wonder—how we wonder!—
What on earth the world can be!

TRIO.—Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo, and Pitti-Sing, with Chorus of Girls.

The Three.

Three little maids from school are we,
Pert as a school-girl well can be,
Filled to the brim with girlish glee,
Three little maids from school!

Yum-Yum.

Everything is a source of fun.
(Chuckle.)

Peep-Bo.

Nobody's safe, for we care for none!
(Chuckle.)

Pitti-Sing.

Life is a joke that's just begun!
(Chuckle.)

The Three. Three little maids from school!
All (dancing).

Three little maids who, all unwary,
Come from a ladies' seminary,
Freed from its genius tutelary—

The Three (suddenly demure). Three little maids from school!

Yum-Yum.

One little maid is a bride, Yum-Yum—
Peep-Bo.

Two little maids in attendance come—
Pitti-Sing.

Three little maids is the total sum.

The Three. Three little maids from school
Yum-Yum.

From three little maids take one away.
Peep-Bo. Two will maids remain, and they—
Pitti-Sing.

Won't have to wait very long, they say—

The Three. Three little maids from school!
All (dancing).

Three little maids who, all unwary,
Come from a ladies' seminary,
Freed from its genius tutelary—

The Three (suddenly demure). Three little maids from school!

[*Exeunt Chorus.*

(Enter Ko-Ko and Pooh-Bah.)

Ko. At last, my bride that is to be!
(About to embrace her.)

Yum. You're not going to kiss me before these people?

Ko. Well, that was the idea.

Yum. (aside to Peep-Bo). It seems odd, doesn't it?

Peep. It's rather peculiar.

Pitti. Oh, I expect it's all right. Must have a beginning, you know.

Yum. Well, of course I know nothing about these things; but I've no objection if it's usual.

Ko. Oh, it's quite usual, I think. Eh, Lord Chamberlain? (Appealing to Pooh-Bah.)

Pooh. I have known it done. (Ko-Ko embraces her.)

Yum. Thank goodness that's over! (Sees Nanki-Poo and rushes to him.) Why, that's never you? (The Three Girls rush to him and shake his hands, all speaking at once.)

Yum. Oh, I'm so glad! I haven't seen you for ever so long, and I'm right at the top of the school, and I've got three prizes and I've come home for good, and I'm not going back any more!

Peep. And have you got an engagement? Yum-Yum's got one, but she doesn't like it, and she'd ever so much rather it was you! I've come home for good, and I'm not going back any more!

Pitti. Now tell us all the news, because you go about everywhere, and we've been at school, but, thank goodness, that's all over now, and we've come home for good, and we're not going back any more!

(These three speeches are spoken together in one breath.)

Ko. I beg your pardon. Will you present me?

Yum. (Oh, this is the musician who used—

Peep. (Oh, this is the gentleman who used—

Pitti. (Oh it is only Nanki-Poo who used—

Ko. One at a time, if you please.

Yum. Oh, if you please he's the gentleman who used to play so beautifully on the—the—the—

Pitti. On the Marine Parade.

Yum. Yes, I think that was the name of the instrument.

Nank. Sir, I have the misfortunture to love your ward, Yum-Yum—oh, I know I deserve your anger!

Ko. Anger! not a bit, my boy. Why, I love her myself. Charming little girl, isn't she? Pretty eyes, nice hair. Taking little thing, altogether. Very glad to hear my opinion backed by a competent authority. Thank you very much. Good-bye. (To Pish-Tush.) Take him away. (Pish Tush removes him.)

Pitti (who has been examining Pooh-Bah.) I beg your pardon, but what is this? Customer come to try on?

Ko. That is a Tremendous Swell.

Pitti. Oh, it's alive. (She starts back in alarm.)

Pooh. Go away, little girls. Can't talk to little girls like you. Go away, there's dears.

Ko. Allow me to present you, Pooh-Bah.

These are my three wards. The one in the middle is my bride elect.

Pooh. What do you want me to do to them? Mind, I will not kiss them.

Ko. No, no, you shan't kiss them; a little bow—a mere nothing—you needn't mean it, you know.

Pooh. It goes against the grain. They are not young ladies, they are young persons.

Ko. Come, come, make an effort, there's a good nobleman.

Pooh (aside to Ko-Ko). Well, I shan't mean it. (With a great snort.) How de do, little girls, how de do? (Aside.) Oh, my protoplasmal ancestor!

Ko. That's very good. (Girls indulge in suppressed laughter.)

Pooh. I see nothing to laugh at. It is very painful to me to have to say "How de do, little girls, how de do?" to young persons. I'm not in the habit of saying "How de do, little girls, how de do?" to anybody under the rank of a Stockbroker.

Ko. (aside to girls). Don't laugh at him, he can't help it—he's under treatment for it. (Aside to Pooh-Bah.) Never mind them, they don't understand the delicacy of your position.

Pooh. We know how delicate it is, don't we?

Ko. I should think we did! How a nobleman of your importance can do it at all is a thing I never can, never shall understand.

(Ko-Ko retires up and goes off.)

QUARTET AND CHORUS OF GIRLS.—Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo, Pitti-Sing, and Pooh-Bah. Yum., Peep. and Pitti.

So please you, Sir, we much regret
If we have failed in etiquette
Towards a man of rank so high—
We shall know better by and by.

Yum. But youth, of course, must have its fling,
So pardon us;
So pardon us,

Pitti. And don't, in girlhood's happy spring,
Be hard on us,
Be hard on us,

If we're inclined to dance and sing.
Tra la la, &c. (Dancing.)

Chorus of Girls. But youth, of course, &c.
Pooh.

I think you ought to recollect
You cannot show too much respect
Towards the highly titled few;

But nobody does, and why should you?
That youth at us should have its fling,
Is hard on us,

Is hard on us;
To our prerogative we cling—
So pardon us,
So pardon us,

If we decline to dance and sing.
Tra la la, &c. (Dancing.)

Chorus of Girls. But youth, of course, must have its fling, &c.

(*Exeunt all but Yum-Yum.*)

Enter Nanki-Poo.

Nank. Yum-Yum, at last we are alone! I have sought you night and day for three weeks, in the belief that your guardian was beheaded, and I find that you are about to be married to him this afternoon!

Yum. Alas, yes!

Nank. But you do not love him?

Yum. Alas, no!

Nank. Modified rapture! But why do you not refuse him?

Yum. What good would that do? He's my guardian, and he wouldn't let me marry you!

Nank. But I would wait until you were of age!

Yum. You forget that in Japan girls do not arrive at years of discretion until they are fifty.

Nank. True; from seventeen to forty-nine are considered years of indiscretion.

Yum. Besides—a wandering minstrel who plays a wind instrument outside tea-houses, is hardly a fitting husband for the ward of a Lord High Executioner.

Nank. But—(Aside.) Shall I tell her? Yes! She will not betray me! (Aloud.) What if it should prove that, after all, I am no musician!

Yum. There! I was certain of it, directly I heard you play!

Nank. What if it should prove that I am no other than the son of his Majesty the Mikado?

Yum. The son of the Mikado! But why is your Highness disguised? And what has your Highness done? And will your Highness promise never to do it again?

Nank. Some years ago I had the misfortune to captivate Katisha, an elderly lady of my father's Court. She misconstrued my customary affability into expressions of affection, and claimed me in marriage, under my father's law. My father, the Lucius Junius Brutus of his race, ordered me to marry her within a week, or perish ignominiously on the scaffold. That night I fled his Court, and, assuming the disguise of a Second Trombone, I joined the band in which you found me when I had the happiness of seeing you! (Approaching her.)

Yum (retreating). If you please, I think your Highness had better not come too near. The laws against flirting are excessively severe.

Nank. But we are quite alone, and nobody can see us.

Yum. Still, that doesn't make it right. To flirt is capital.

Nank. It is capital!

Yum. And we must obey the law.

Nank. Deuce take the law!

Yum. I wish it would, but it won't!

Nank. If it were not for that, how happy we might be!

Yum. Happy indeed!

Nank. If it were not for the law, we should now be sitting side by side, like that. (Sits by her.)

Yum. Instead of being obliged to sit half a mile off, like that. (Crosses and sits at other side of stage.)

Nank. We should be gazing into each other's eyes, like that. (Gazing at her sentimentally.)

Yum. Breathing sighs of unutterable love—like that. (Sighing and gazing lovingly at him.)

Nank. With our arms round each other's waists, like that. (Embracing her.)

Yum. Yes, if it wasn't for the law.

Nank. If it wasn't for the law.

Yum. As it is, of course we couldn't do anything of the kind.

Nank. Not for worlds!

Yum. Being engaged to Ko-Ko, you know!

Nank. Being engaged to Ko-Ko!

DUET.—Yum-Yum and Nanki-Poo.

Nank.

Were you not to Ko-Ko plighted,

I would say in tender tone,

"Loved one, let us be united—

Let us be each other's own!"

I would merge all rank and station,

Wordly sneers are nought to us,

And, to mark my admiration,

I would kiss you fondly thus—(Kisses her.)

Both.

{ I } would kiss { you } fondly thus—(Kiss.)
{ He } would kiss { me } fondly thus—(Kiss.)

Yum.

But as I'm engaged to Ko-Ko,
To embrace you thus, con fuoco,
Would distinctly be no gioco,
And for yam I should get toco—

Both. Toco, toco, toco, toco !

Nank.

So, in spite of all temptation,

Such a theme I'll not discuss,

And on no consideration

Will I kiss you fondly thus—(Kissing her.)

Let me make it clear to you,

This is what I'll never do !

This, oh, this, oh this, oh this—(Kissing her.)

Together. This, oh this, &c

[*Exeunt in opposite directions*
Enter Ko-Ko.

Ko. (*looking after Yum-Yum*). There she goes! To think how entirely my future happiness is wrapped up in that little parcel! Really, it hardly seems worth while! Oh, matrimony! — (*Enter Pooh-Bah and Pish-Tush.*) Now then, what is it? Can't you see I'm soliloquizing? You have interrupted an apostrophe, sir!

Pish. I am the bearer of a letter from his Majesty, the Mikado.

Ko. (*taking it from him reverentially*). A letter from the Mikado! What in the world can he have to say to me? (*Reads letter.*) Ah, here it is at last! I thought it would come sooner or later! The Mikado is struck by the fact that no executions have taken place in Titipu for a year, and decrees that unless somebody is beheaded within one month the post of Lord High Executioner shall be abolished, and the city reduced to the rank of a village!

Pish. But that will evolve us all in irretrievable ruin!

Ko. Yes. There is no help for it, I shall have to execute somebody at once. The only question is, who shall it be?

Pooh. Well, it seems unkind to say so, but as you're already under sentence of death for flirting, everything seems to point to you.

Ko. To me? What are you talking about? I can't execute myself.

Pooh. Why not?

Ko. Why not? Because, in the first place, self-decapitation is an extremely difficult, not to say dangerous, thing to attempt; and in the second, it's suicide, and suicide is a capital offence.

Pooh. That is so, no doubt.

Pish. We might reserve that point.

Pooh. True, it could be argued six months hence, before the full Court.

Ko. Besides, I don't see how a man can cut off his own head.

Pooh. A man might try.

Pish. Even if you only succeeded in cutting it half off, that would be something.

Pooh. It would be taken as an earnest of your desire to comply with the Imperial will.

Ko. No. Pardon me, but there I am adamant. As official Headsman, my reputation is at stake, and I can't consent to embark on a professional operation unless I see my way to a successful result.

Pooh. This professional conscientiousness is highly creditable to you, but it places us in a very awkward position.

Ko. My good sir, the awkwardness of your position is grace itself compared with that of a man engaged in the act of cutting off his own head.

Pish. I am afraid that, unless you can obtain a substitute—

Ko. A substitute? Oh, certainly—nothing easier. (*To Pooh-Bah.*) Pooh-Bah, I appoint you Lord High Substitute.

Pooh. I should be delighted. Such an appointment would realize my fondest dreams. But no, at any sacrifice, I must set bounds to my insatiable ambition !

TRIO.

Ko-Ko. My brain it teems
With endless schemes
Both good and new
For Titipu;
But if I flit,
The benefit
That I'd diffuse
The town would lose!
Now every man
To aid his clan
Should plot and plan
As best he can,
And so,
Although
I'm ready to go,
Yet recollect
'Twere disrespect
Did I neglect
To thus effect
This aim direct,
So I object—
So I object—
So I object—

Pooh-Bah. I am so proud,
If I am allowed
My family pride
To be my guide,
I'd volunteer
To quit this sphere
Instead of you,
In a minute or two.
But family pride
Must be denied,
And set aside,
And mortified.

And so,
Although
I wish to go.
And greatly pine
To brightly shine,
And take the line
Of a hero fine,
With grief condign
I must decline—
I must decline—
I must decline—
I must decline—
Pish-Tush. I heard one day

A gentleman say
That criminals who
Are cut in two
Can hardly feel
The fatal steel,
And so are slain
Without much pain.
If this is true,
It's jolly for you;
Your courage screw
To bid us adieu,

And go
And show
Both friend and foe
How much you dare.
I'm quite aware
It's your affair,
Yet I declare
I'd take your share,
But I don't much care—
I don't much care—
I don't much care—

All.
To sit in solemn silence in a dull, dark
dock,
In a pestilential prison, with a life-long
lock,
Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp
shock,
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a
big black block.

[*Exeunt Pooh, and Pish.*
Ko. This is simply appalling ! I, who allowed myself to be respite at the last moment, simply in order to benefit my native town, am now required to die within a month, and that by a man whom I have loaded with honours ! Is this public gratitude? Is this—(*Enter Nanki-Poo, with a rope in his hands.*) Go away, sir! How dare you? Am I never to be permitted to soliloquize ?

Nank. Oh, go on—don't mind me.

Ko. What are you going to do with that rope ?

Nank. I'm about to terminate an unendurable existence.

Ko. Terminate your existence? Oh, nonsense ! What for ?

Nank. Because you are going to marry the girl I adore.

Ko. Nonsense, sir. I won't permit it. I am a humane man, and if you attempt anything of the kind I shall order your instant arrest. Come, sir, desist at once, or I summon my guard.

Nank. That's absurd. If you attempt to raise an alarm, I instantly perform the Happy Despatch with this dagger.

Ko. No, no, don't do that. This is horrible ! (*Suddenly.*) Why you cold-blooded scoundrel, are you aware that, in taking

your life, you are committing a crime which—
—which—which is—Oh ! (Struck by an idea.) Substitute !

Nank. What's the matter ?

Ko. Is it absolutely certain that you are resolved to die ?

Nank. Absolutely !

Ko. Will nothing shake your resolution ?

Nank. Nothing.

Ko. Threats, entreaties, prayers—all useless ?

Nank. All ! My mind is made up.

Ko. Then, if you really mean what you say, and if you are absolutely resolved to die, and if nothing whatever will shake your determination—don't spoil yourself by committing suicide, but be beheaded handsomely at the hands of the Public Executioner !

Nank. I don't see how that would benefit me.

Ko. You don't ? Observe: you'll have a month to live, and you'll live like a fighting cock at my expense. When the day comes there'll be a grand public ceremonial—you'll be the central figure—no one will attempt to deprive you of that distinction. There'll be a procession — bands — dead march—bells tolling—all the girls in tears —Yum-Yum distracted—then, when it's all over, general rejoicings, and a display of fireworks in the evening. You won't see them, but they'll be there all the same.

Nank. Do you think Yum-Yum would really be distracted at my death ?

Ko. I am convinced of it. Bless you, she's the most tenderhearted little creature alive.

Nank. I should be sorry to cause her pain. Perhaps, after all, if I were to withdraw from Japan, and travel in Europe for a couple of years, I might contrive to forget her.

Ko. Oh, I don't think you could forget Yum-Yum so easily; and, after all, what is more miserable than a love-blighted life ?

Nank. True.

Ko. Life without Yum-Yum—why, it seems absurd !

Nank. And yet there are a good many people in the world who have to endure it.

Ko. Poor devils, yes ! You are quite right not to be of their number.

Nank. (suddenly). I won't be of their number !

Ko. Noble fellow !

Nank. I'll tell you how we'll manage it. Let me marry Yum-Yum to-morrow, and in a month you may behead me.

Ko. No, no. I draw the line at Yum-Yum.

Nank. Very good. If you can draw the line, so can I. (Preparing rope.)

Ko. Stop, stop—listen one moment—be reasonable. How can I consent to your marrying Yum-Yum if I'm going to marry her myself ?

Nank. My good friend, she'll be a widow in a month, and you can marry her then.

Ko. That's true, of course. I quite see that. But, dear me ! my position during the next month will be most unpleasant—most unpleasant.

Nank. Not half so unpleasant as my position at the end of it.

Ko. But—dear me !—well—I agree—after all, it's only putting off my wedding for a month. But you won't prejudice her against me, will you? You see, I've educated her to be my wife; she's been taught to regard me as a wise and good man. Now I shouldn't like her views on that point disturbed.

Nank. Trust me, she shall never learn the truth from me.

FINALE.

Enter Chorus, Pooh-Bah, and Pish-Tush.

CHORUS.

With aspect stern
And gloomy stride,
We come to learn
How you decide.
Don't hesitate
Your choice to name,
A dreadful fate
You'll suffer all the same.

Pooh. To ask you what you mean to do we punctually appear.

Ko. Congratulate me, gentlemen, I've found a Volunteer !

All. The Japanese equivalent for Hear, Hear, Hear !

Ko. (presenting him). 'Tis Nanki-Poo !
All. Hail, Nanki-Poo !
Ko. I think he'll do ?
All. Yes, yes, he'll do !

Ko. He yields his life if I'll Yum-Yum surrender.

Now I adore that girl with passion tender,
And could not yield her with a ready will,
Or her allot,
If I did not

Adore myself with passion tenderer still !

Enter Yum-Yum, Peep-Boo, and Pitti-Sing.

All. Ah, yes !

He loves himself with passion tenderer still !

Ko. (to Nanki-Poo). Take her — she's yours !

[Exit Ko-Ko.

ENSEMBLE.

Nanki-Poo. The threatencd cloud has passed away,

Yum-Yum. And brightly shines the dawning day;

Nanki-Poo. What though the night may come too soon,

Yum-Yum. There's yet a month of afternoon !

Nanki-Poo, Pooh-Bah, Pish-Tish, Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing and Peep-Bo.

Then let the throng
Our joy advance,
With laughing song
And merry dance,

Chorus. With joyous shout and ringing cheer,

Inaugurate our brief career ! &c.

Pitti-Sing. A day, a week, a month, a year—

Yum. Or far or near, or far or near,

Pooh. Life's eventime comes much too soon,

Pitti-Sing. You'll live at least honeymoon!

All. Then let the throng, &c.

Chorus. With joyous shout, &c.

SOLO.—Pooh-Bah.

As in a month you've got to die,

If Ko-Ko tells us true,

'Twere empty compliment to cry

"Long life to Nanki-Poo!"

But as one month you have to live

As fellow-citizen,

This toast with three times three we'll give—

"Long life to you—till then!"

[Exit Pooh-Bah.

Chorus. May all good fortune prosper you,

May you have health and riches, too,

May you succeed in all you do !

Long life to you—till then !

(Dance.)

Enter Katisha melodramatically.

Kat. Your revels cease ! Assist me, all of you !

Chorus. Why, who is this whose evil eyes Rain blight on our festivities?

Kat. I claim my perjured lover, Nanki-Poo !

Oh fool! to shun delights that never cloy !

Chorus. Go, leave thy deadly work undone !

Kat. Come back, oh shallow fool ! come back to joy !

Chorus. Away, away ! ill-favoured one !

Nank. (aside to Yum-Yum.) Ah !

Tis Katisha !

The maid of whom I told you. (About to go.)

Kat. (detaining him.)

You shall not go,

These arms shall thus enfold you !

SONG.—Katisha.

Kat. (addressing Nanki-Poo).

Oh fool, that fleest

My hallowed joys !

Oh blind, that seest

No equipoise !

Oh rash, that judgest

From half. the whole !

Oh base, that grudgeth

Love's lightest dole !

Thy heart unbind,

Oh fool, oh blind !

Give me my place,

Oh rash, or base !

Chorus. If she's thy bride, restore her place,

Oh fool, oh blind, oh rash, oh base !

Kat. (addressing Yum-Yum).

Pink cheek, that rulest

Where wisdom serves !

Bright eye, that foolest

Heroic nerves !

Rose lip, that scornest

Lore-laden years !

Smooth tongue, that warnest

Who rightly hears !

Thy doom is night,

Pink cheek, bright eye !

Thy knell is rung,

Rose lip, smooth tongue !

Chorus. If true her tale, thy knell is rung,

Pink cheek, bright eye, rose lip,

smooth tongue !

Pitti-Sing.

Away, nor prosecute your quest—
From our intention, well expressed,
You cannot turn us!
The state of your connubial views
Towards the person you accuse
Does not concern us!
For he's going to marry Yum-Yum—
All. Yum-Yum!
Pitti. Your anger pray bury,
For all will be merry,
I think you had better succumb—

All. Cumb-cumb!
Pitti. And join our expressions of glee.
On this subject I pray you be dumb—
All. Dumb-dumb.
Pitti. You'll find there are many
Who'll wed for a penny—
The word for your guidance is "Mum"—
All. Mum-mum!
Pitti. There's lots of good fish in the sea!
All. On this subject we pray you be
dumb, &c.

SOLO.—Katisha.

The hour of gladness
Is dead and gone;
In silent sadness
I live alone!
The hope I cherished
All lifeless lies,
And all has perished
Save love, which never dies!

Oh, faithless one, this insult you shall
rue!
In vain for mercy on your knees you'll
sue.
I'll tear the mask from your disguising!
Nank. (aside). Now comes the blow!
Kat. Prepare yourself for news surprising!
Nank. (aside). How foil my foe?
Kat. No minstrel he, despite bravado!
Yum. (aside, struck by an idea).
Ha! Ha! I know!
Kat. He is the son of your—
(Nank-Poo, Yum-Yum, and Chorus, in-
terrupting, sing Japanese words, to drown
her voice.)
O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!
Kat. In vain you interrupt wit this tornado!
He is the only son of your—
All. On ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!
Kat. I'll spoil—
All. O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!
Kat. Your gay gambado!
He is the son—
All. O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!
Kat. Of your—
All. O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!
Kat. The son of your—
All. O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to! oya!
oya!

ENSEMBLE

Katisha.

Ye torrents roar!
Ye tempests howl!
Your wrath outpour
With angry growl!
Do ye your worst, my vengeance call
Shall rise triumphant over all!
Prepare for woe,
Ye haughty lords,
At once I go
Milkado-wards,
My wrongs with vengeance shall be
crowned!
My wrongs with vengeance shall be
crowned!

The Others.

We'll hear no more,
Ill-omened owl,
To joy we soar,
Despite your scowl!
The echoes of our festival
Shall rise triumphant over all!
Away you go,
Collect your hordes;
Proclaim your woe
In dismal chords;
We do not heed their dismal sound,
For joy reigns everywhere around.
(Katisha rushes furiously up stage clearing
the crowd away right and left, finishing
on steps at the back of stage.)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—Ko-Ko's Garden.

Yum-Yum discovered seated at her bridal
toilet, surrounded by maidens, who are
dressing her hair and painting her face and
lips, as she judges of the effect in a mirror.

SOLO.—Pitti-Sing and Chorus of Girls.

Chorus. Braid the raven hair—

Weave the supple tress—
Deck the maiden fair
In her loveliness—
Paint the pretty face—
Dye the coral lip—
Emphasize the grace
Of her ladyship!
Art and nature, thus allied,
Go to make a pretty bride.

SOLO.—Pitti-Sing.

Sit with downcast eye—
Let it brim with dew—
Try if you can cry—
We will do so, too.
When you're summoned, start
Like a frightened roe—
Flutter, little heart,
Colour, come and go!
Modesty at marriage tide
Well becomes a pretty bride!

CHORUS.

Braid the raven hair, &c.

[Exeunt Pitti-Sing, Peep-Bo and Chorus.
Yum. Yes, I am indeed beautiful! Sometimes I sit and wonder, in my artless Japanese way, why it is that I am so much more attractive than anybody else in the

whole world. Can this be vanity? No! Nature is lovely and rejoices in her loveliness. I am a child of Nature, and take after my mother.

SONG.—Yum-Yum.

The sun, whose rays
Are all ablaze
With ever-living glory,
Does not deny
His majesty—
He scorns to tell a story!
He don't exclaim
"I blush for shame,
So kindly be indulgent."
But, fierce and bold,
In fiery gold,
He glories all effulgent!
I mean to rule the earth,
As he the sky—
We really know our worth,
The sun and I!
Observe his flame,
That placid dame,
The moon's Celestial Highness;
There's not a trace
Upon her face
Of diffidence or shyness:
She borrows light
That, through the night,
Mankind may all acclaim her!
And truth to tell,
She lights up well,
So I, for one, don't blame her!

Ah, pray make no mistake,
We are not shy;
We're very wide awake,
The moon and I!

Enter Pitti-Sing and Peep-Bo.

Yum. Yes, everything seems to smile upon me. I am to be married to-day to the man I love best, and I believe I am the very happiest girl in Japan!

Peep. The happiest girl indeed, for she is indeed to be envied who has attained happiness in all but perfection.

Yum. In "all but" perfection?

Peep. Well, dear, it can't be denied that the fact that your husband is to be beheaded in a month is, in its way, a drawback. It does seem to take the top off it, you know.

Pitti. I don't know about that. It all depends!

Peep. At all events, he will find it a drawback.

Pitti. Not necessarily. Bless you, it all depends!

Yum. (in tears). I think it very indecent of you to refer to such a subject on such a day. If my married happiness is to be—to be—

Peep. Cut short.

Yum. Well, cut short—in a month, can't you let me forget it? (Weeping.)

Enter Nanki-Poo, and Pish-Tush.

Nank. Yum-Yum in tears—and on her wedding morn!

Yum... (sobbing). They've been reminding me that in a month you're to be beheaded!

(Bursts into tears.)

Pitti. Yes, we've been reminding her that you're to be beheaded. (Bursts into tears.)

Peep. It's quite true, you know, you are to be beheaded! (Bursts into tears.)

Nank. (aside). Humph! How some bridegrooms would be depressed by this sort of thing! (Aloud.) A month? Well, what a month? Bah! These divisions of time are purely arbitrary. Who says twenty-four hours make a day?

Pitti. There's a popular impression to that effect.

Nank. Then we'll efface it. We'll call each second a minute—each minute an hour—each hour a day—and each day a year. At that rate we've about thirty years of married happiness before us!

Peep. And, at that rate, this interview has already lasted four hours and three-quarters! (Exit Peep-Bo.)

Yum. (Still sobbing). Yes. How time flies when one is thoroughly enjoying oneself!

Nank. That's the way to look at it! Don't let's be downhearted! There's a silver lining to every cloud.

Yum. Certainly. Let's—let's be perfectly happy! (Almost in tears.)

Pish. By all means. Lets—let's thoroughly enjoy ourselves.

Pitti. It's—it's absurd to cry! (Trying to force a laugh.)

Yum. Quite ridiculous! (Trying to laugh.)

(All break into a forced and melancholy laugh.)

MADRIGAL.—Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing,

Nank-Poo, and Pish-Tush.

Brightly dawns our wedding day;
Joyous hour, we give thee greeting!
Whither, whither art thou fleeting?

Fickle moment, prithee stay!

What though mortal joys be hollow?
Pleasures come, if sorrows follow:

Though the tocsin sound, ere long

Ding dong! Ding dong!

Yet until the shadows fall

Over one and over all,

Sing a merry madrigal—

A medrigal!

Fal-la—fal-la! &c. (Ending in tears.)

Let us dry the ready tear,

Though the hours are surely creeping,

Little need for woeful weeping,

Till the sad sundown is near.

All must sip the cup of sorrow—

I to-day and thou to-morrow;

This the close of every song—

Ding dong! Ding dong!

What; though solemn shadows fall,

Sooner, later, over all?

Sing a merry madrigal—

A madrigal!

Fal-la—fal-la! &c. (Ending in tears.)

[Exeunt Pitti-Sing and Pish-Tush.

(Nank-Poo embraces Yum-Yum. Enter Ko-Ko. Nank-Poo releases Yum-Yum.)

Ko. Go on—don't mind me.

Nank. I'm afraid we're distressing you.

Ko. Never mind, I must get used to it. Only please do it by degrees. Begin by putting your arm round her waist. (Nank-Poo does so.) There; let me get used to that first.

Yum. Oh, wouldn't you like to retire? It must pain you to see us so affectionate together!

Ko. No, I must learn to bear it! Now oblige me by allowing her head to rest on your shoulder.

Nank. Like that? (He does so. Ko-Ko much affected.)

Ko. I am much obliged to you. Now—kiss her! (He does so. Ko-Ko writhes with anguish.) Thank you—it's simple torture!

Yum. Come, come, bear up. After all, it's only for a month.

Ko. No, it's no use deluding oneself with false hopes.

Nank. } What do you mean?

Yum. } (in ecstasy). {What!

Ko. (to Yum-Yum). My child—my poor child! (Aside.) How shall I break it to her? (Aloud.) My little bride that was to have been—

Yum. (delighted). Was to have been?

Ko. Yes, you never can be mine!

Nank. } (in ecstasy). {What!

Yum. } (in ecstasy). {I'm so glad!

Ko. I've just ascertained that, by the Mikado's law, when a married man is beheaded his wife is buried alive.

Nank. } Buried alive!

Yum. } Buried alive! It's a most unpleasant death.

Nank. But whom did you get that from?

Ko. Oh, from Pooh-Bah. He's my solicitor.

Yum. But he may be mistaken!

Ko. So I thought; so I consulted the Attorney-General, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, the Judge Ordinary, and the Lord Chancellor. They're all of the same opinion. Never knew such unanimity on a point of law in my life!

Nank. But stop a bit! This law has never been put in force.

Ko. Not yet. You see, flirting is the only crime punishable with decapitation, and married men never flirt.

Nank. Of course, they don't. I quite forgot that! Well, I suppose I may take it that my dream of happiness is at an end!

Yum. Darling—I don't want to appear selfish, and I love you with all my heart—I don't suppose I shall ever love anybody else half as much—but when I agreed to marry you—my own—I had no idea—pet—that I should have to be buried alive in a month!

Nank. Nor I! It's the very first I've heard of it!

Yum. It—it makes a difference, doesn't it?

Nank. It does make a difference, of course.

Yum. You see—burial alive—it's such a stuffy death.

Nank. I call it a beast of a death.

Yum. You see my difficulty, don't you?

Nank. Yes, and I see my own. If I insist on your carrying out your promise, I doom you to a hideous death; if I release you, you marry Ko-Ko at once!

TRIO.—Yum-Yum, Nank-Poo, and Ko-Ko.

Yum. Here's a how-de-do!

If I marry you,

When your time has come to perish,
Then the maiden whom you cherish
Must be slaughtered, too!

Here's a how-de-do!

Nank. Here's a pretty mess!

In a month, or less,

I must die without a wedding!

Let the bitter tears I'm shedding

Witness my distress,

Here's a pretty mess!

Ko. Here's a state of things!

To her life she clings!

Matrimonial devotion

Doesn't seem to suit her notion—

Burial it brings!

Here's a state of things!

ENSEMBLE.

Yum-Yum and Nank-Poo.

With a passion that's intense

I worship and adore,

But the laws of common sense

We oughtn't to ignore.

If what he says is true,

'Tis death to marry you!

Here's a pretty state of things!

Here's a pretty how-de-do!

Ko-Ko.

With a passion that's intense

You worship and adore,

But the laws of common sense

You oughtn't to ignore.

If what I say is true,

'Tis death to marry you!

Here's a pretty state of things!

Here's a pretty how-de-do!

[Exit Yum-Yum.

Ko. (going up to Nank-Poo). My poor boy, I'm really very sorry for you.

Nank. Thanks, old fellow. I'm sure you are.

Ko. You see I'm quite helpless.

Nank. I quite see that.

Ko. I can't conceive anything more distressing than to have one's marriage broken off at the last moment. But you shan't be disappointed of a wedding—you shall come to mine.

Nank. It's awfully kind of you, but that's impossible.

Ko. Why so?

Nank. To-day I die.

Nank. I can't live without Yum-Yum.

Ko. What do you mean?
This afternoon I perform the Happy Despatch.

Ko. No, no—pardon me—I can't allow that.

Nank. Why not?

Ko. Why, hang it all, you're under contract to die by the hand of the Public Executioner in a month's time! If you kill yourself, what's to become of me? Why, I shall have to be executed in your place!

Nank. It would certainly seem so!

Enter Pooh-Bah.

Ko. Now then, Lord Mayor, what is it?

Pooh. The Mikado and his suite are approaching the city, and will be here in ten minutes.

Ko. The Mikado! He's coming to see whether his orders have been carried out! (To *Nanki-Poo*) Now look here, you know—this is getting serious—a bargain's a bargain, and you really mustn't frustrate the ends of justice by committing suicide. As a man of honour and a gentleman, you are bound to die ignominiously by the hands of the Public Executioner.

Nank. Very well, then—behead me.

Ko. What, now?

Nank. Certainly; at once.

Pooh. Chop it off! Chop it off!

Ko. My good sir, I don't go about prepared to execute gentlemen at a moment's notice. Why, I never even killed a blue-bottle!

Pooh. Still, as Lord High Executioner—

Ko. My good sir, as Lord High Executioner I've got to behead him in a month. I'm not ready yet. I don't know how it's done. I'm going to take lessons. I mean to begin with a guinea pig, and work my way through the animal kingdom till I come to a Second Trombone. Why, you don't suppose that, as a humane man, I'd have accepted the post of Lord High Executioner if I hadn't thought the duties purely nominal? I can't kill you—I will kill anything! I can't kill anybody! (Weeps.)

Nank. Come, my poor fellow, we all have unpleasant duties to discharge at times; after all, what is it? If I don't mind, why should you? Remember, sooner or later it must be done.

Ko. (springing up suddenly.) Must it? I'm not so sure about that!

Nank. What do you mean?

Ko. Why should I kill you when making an affidavit that you've been executed will do just as well? Here are plenty of witnesses—the Lord Chief Justice, Lord High Admiral, Commander-in-Chief, Secretary of State for the Home Department, First Lord of the Treasury, and Chief Commissioner of Police.

Nank. But where are they?

Ko. There they are. They'll all swear to it—won't you? (To *Pooh-Bah*.)

Pooh. Am I to understand that all of us high Officers of State are required to perjure ourselves to ensure your safety!

Ko. Why not? You'll be grossly insulted, as usual.

Pooh. Will the insult be cash down, or at a date?

Ko. It will be a ready-money transaction.

Pooh. (Aside.) Well, it will be a useful discipline. (Aloud.) Very good. Choose your fiction, and I'll endorse it! (Aside.) Ha! ha! Family Pride, how do you like that, my buck?

Nank. But I tell you that life without *Yum-Yum*—

Ko. Oh, *Yum-Yum*, *Yum-Yum*! Bother *Yum-Yum*! Here Commissionaire (to *Pooh-Bah*), go and fetch *Yum-Yum*. (Exit *Pooh-Bah*.)

Bah.) Take *Yum-Yum* and marry *Yum-Yum*, only go away and never come back again. (Enter *Pooh-Bah* with *Yum-Yum*.) Here she is. *Yum-Yum*, are you particularly busy?

Yum. Not particularly.

Ko. You've five minutes to spare?

Yum. Yes.

Ko. Then go along with his Grace the Archbishop of Titipu; he'll marry you at once.

Yum. But if I'm to be buried alive?

Ko. Now, don't ask any questions, but do as I tell you, and *Nanki-Poo* will explain all.

Nank. But one moment—

Ko. Not for worlds. Here comes the Mikado, no doubt to ascertain whether I've obeyed his decree, and if he finds you alive I shall have the greatest difficulty in persuading him that I've beheaded you. (Exeunt *Nanki-Poo* and *Yum-Yum*, followed by *Pooh-Bah*.)

Close thing that, for here he comes!

[Exit *Ko-Ko*.]

MARCH.—Enter procession, heralding Mikado, with Katisha.

(“March of the Mikado’s troops.”)

Chorus Miya sama, miya sama,
On n’m-ma no mayé ni
Pira-Pira suru no wa
Nan gia na
Toko tonyaré tonyaré na?

DUET.—Mikado and Katisha.

Mik. From every kind of man
Obedience I expect;
I'm the Emperor of Japan—
Kat. And I'm his daughter-in-law elect!

He'll marry his son
(He's only got one)

To his daughter-in-law elect.

Mik. My morals have been declared
Particularly correct;

Kat. But they're nothing at all compared
With those of his daughter-in-law

elect!

Bow—Bow—

To his daughter-in-law elect!

Bow—Bow—

To his daughter-in-law elect.

Mik. In a fatherly kind of way
I govern each tribe and sect,

All cheerfully own my sway—

Kat. Except his daughter-in-law elect!
As tough as a bone,

With a will of her own,

Is his daughter-in-law elect!

Mik. My nature is love and light—
My freedom from all defect—

Kat. Is significant quite,
Compared with his daughter-in-

law elect!

Bow—Bow—

To his daughter-in-law elect!

Bow—Bow—

To his daughter-in-law elect!

SONG.—Mikado and Chorus.

A more humane Mikado never

Did in Japan exist,

To nobody second,

I'm certainly reckoned

A true philanthropist.

It is my very humane endeavour

To make, to some extent,

Each evil liver

A running river

Of harmless merriment.

My object all sublime

I shall achieve in time—

To let the punishment fit the crime—

The punishment fit the crime;

And make each prisoner pent

Unwillingly represent

A source of innocent merriment!

Of innocent merriment!

All prosy dull society sinners,

Who chatter and bleat and bore,

Are sent to hear sermons

From mystical Germans

Who preach from ten till four.

The amateur tenor, whose vocal villanies

All desire to shirk,

Shall, during off-hours,

Exhibit his powers

To Madame Tussaud's waxwork.

The lady who dies a chemical yellow,

Or stains her grey hair puce,

Or pinches her figger,

Is blacked like a nigger

With permanent walnut juice.

The idiot who, in railway carriages,

Scribbles on window-panes,

We only suffer

To ride on a buffer

In Parliamentary trains.

My object all sublime, &c.

Chorus. His object all sublime, &c.

The advertising quack who wearies

With tales of countless cures,

His teeth, I've enacted,

Shall all be extracted

By terrified amateurs.

The music-hall singer attends a series

Of masses and fugues and “ops”

By Bach, interwoven

With Spohr and Beethoven,

At classical Monday Pops.

The billiard sharp whom any one catches,

His doom's extremely hard—

He's made to dwell—

In a dungeon cell

On a spot that's always barred.

And there he plays extravagant matches

In fitless finger-stalls

On a cloth untrue,

With twisted cue

And elliptical billiard balls!

My object all sublime, &c.

Chorus. His object all sublime, &c.

Enter *Pooh-Bah*, *Ko-Ko* and *Pitti-Sing*.

All kneel. (*Pooh-Bah* hands a paper to *Ko-Ko*.)

Ko. I am honoured in being permitted to welcome your Majesty. I guess the object of your Majesty's visit—your wishes have been attended to. The execution has taken place.

Mik. Oh, you've had an execution, have you?

Ko. Yes. The Coroner has just handed me his certificate.

Pooh. I am the Coroner. (*Ko-Ko* hands certificate to *Mikado*.)

Mik. And this is the certificate of his death.

(Reads.) "At Titipu, in the presence of the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chief Justice, Attor-

ney General, Secretary of State for the Home Department, Lord Mayor, and Groom of the Second Floor Front—”

Mik. Very good house. I wish I'd been in time for the performance.

Ko. A tough fellow he was, too—a man of gigantic strength. His struggles were terrific. It was really a remarkable scene.

Mik. Describe it.

TRIO and CHORUS. — Pitti-Sing, Ko-Ko, Pooh-Bah, and Chorus.

Ko. The criminal cried, as he dropped him down,
In a state of wild alarm—
With a frightful, frantic, fearful frown.

I bared my big right arm.
I seized him by his little pig-tail,
And on his knees fell he,
As he squirmed and struggled,
And gurgled and gurgled,
I drew my snickersnee!
Oh, never shall I
Forget the cry,
Or the shriek that shrieked he,
As I gnashed my teeth,
When from its sheath
I drew my snickersnee!

CHORUS.

We know him well,
He cannot tell
Untrue or groundless tales—
He always tries
To utter lies,
And every time he fails.

Pitti. He shivered and shook as he gave the sign
For the stroke he didn't deserve;
When all of a sudden his eyes met mine,

And it seemed to brace his nerve;
For he nodded his head and kissed his hand,
And he whistled an air, did he.
As the sabre true
Cut cleanly through
His cervical vertebrae!
When a man's afraid,
A beautiful maid
Is a cheering sight to see;
And it's oh, I'm glad
That moment sad
Was soothed by sight of me!

CHORUS.

Her terrible tale
You can't assail,
With truth it quite agrees!
Her taste exact
For faultless fact
Amounts to a disease.

Pooh. Now though you'd have said that head was dead
(For its owner dead was he),
It stood on its neck, with a smile well bred,

And bowed three times to me!
It was none of your impudent off hand nods,
But as humble as could be;
For it clearly knew
The deference due
To a man of pedigree!
And it's oh, I vow,
This deathly bow

Was touching sight to see;
Though trungless, yet
It couldn't forget,
The deference due to me!

CHORUS.

This haughty youth,
He speaks the truth
Whenever he finds it pays:
And in this case
It all took place
Exactly as he says!

[Exeunt Chorus.

Mik. All this is very interesting, and I should like to have seen it. But we came about a totally different matter. A year ago my son, the heir to the throne of Japan, bolted from our Imperial Court.

Ko. Indeed! Had he any reason to be dissatisfied with his position?

Kat. None whatever. On the contrary, I was going to marry him—yet he fled!

Pooh. I am surprised that he should have fled from one so lovely!

Kat. That's not true.

Pooh. No!

Kat. You hold that I am not beautiful because my face is plain. But you know nothing; you are still unenlightened. Learn, then, that it is not in the face alone that beauty is to be sought. My face is unattractive!

Pooh. It is.

Kat. But I have a left shoulder-blade that is a miracle of loveliness. People come miles to see it. My right elbow has a fascination that few can resist.

Pooh. Allow me!

Kat. It is on view Tuesdays and Fridays, on presentation of visiting card. As for my circulation, it is the largest in the world.

Ko. And yet he fled!

Mik. And is now masquerading in this town, disguised as a Second Trombone.

Ko. }

Pooh. } A Second Trombone!

Pitti. }

Mik. Yes; would it be troubling you too much if I asked you to produce him? He goes by the name of—

Kat. Nanki-Poo.

Mik. Nanki-Poo.

Ko. It's quite easy. That is, it's rather difficult. In point of fact, he's gone abroad!

Mik. Gone abroad? His address.

Ko. Knightsbridge!

Kat. (who is reading certificate of death). Ha!

Mik. What's the matter?

Kat. See here—his name—Nanki-Poo beheaded this morning. Oh, where shall I find another? Where shall I find another?

(Ko-Ko, Pooh-Bah, and Pitti-Sing fall on their knees.)

Mik. (looking at paper) Dear, dear, dear! this is very tiresome. (To Ko-Ko.) My poor fellow, in your anxiety to carry out my wishes you have beheaded the heir to the throne of Japan!

Ko. I beg to offer an unqualified apology.

Pooh. I desire to associate myself with that expression of regret.

Pitti. We really hadn't the least notion—

Mik. Of course you hadn't. How could you? Come, come, my good fellow, don't distress yourself—it was no fault of yours. If a man of exalted rank chooses to disguise himself as a Second Trombone, he must take the consequences. It really distresses me to see you take on so. I've no doubt he thoroughly deserved all he got. (They rise.)

Ko. We are infinitely obliged to your Majesty—

Pitti. Much obliged, your Majesty.

Pooh. Very much obliged, your Majesty.

Mik. Obliged? not a bit. Don't mention it. How could you tell?

Pooh. No, of course we couldn't tell who the gentleman really was.

Pitti. It wasn't written on his forehead, you know.

Ko. It might have been on his pocket-handkerchief, but Japanese don't use pocket-handkerchiefs! Ha! ha! ha!

Mik. Ha! ha! ha! (To Katisha.) I forget the punishment for compassing the death of the Heir Apparent.

Ko. } Punishment. (They drop down
Pooh. } on their knees again.)
Pitti. }

Mik. Yes. Something lingering, with boiling oil in it, I fancy. Something of that sort. I think boiling oil occurs in it, but I'm not sure. I know it's something humorous, but lingering, with either boiling oil or melted lead. Come, come don't fret—I'm not a bit angry.

Ko. (in abject terror.) If your Majesty will accept our assurance, we had no idea—

Mik. Of course—

Pitti. I knew nothing about it.

Pooh. I wasn't there.

Mik. That's the pathetic part of it. Unfortunately, the fool of an Act says "compassing the death of the Heir Apparent." There's not a word about a mistake—

Ko., Pitti. and Pooh. No!

Mik. Or not knowing—

Ko. No!

Mik. Or having no notion—

Pitti. No!

Mik. Or not being there—

Pooh. No!

Mik. There should be, of course—

Ko., Pitti. and Pooh. Yes!

Mik. But there isn't.

Ko., Pitti. and Pooh. Oh!

Mik. That's the slovenly way in which these Acts are always drawn. However, cheer up, it'll be all right. I'll have it altered next session. Now, let's see about your execution—will after luncheon suit you? Can you wait till then?

Ko., Pitti. and Pooh. Oh, yes—we can wait till then!

Mik. Then we'll make it after luncheon.

Pooh. I don't want any lunch.

Mik. I'm really very sorry for you all, but it's an unjust world, and virtue is triumphant only in theatrical performances.

GLEE.—Pitti-Sing, Katisha, Ko-Ko, Pooh-Bah, and Mikado.

Mik. See how the Fates their gifts allot,

For A is happy—B is not.
Yet B is worthy, I dare say,
Of more prosperity than A!

Ko., Pooh., and Pitti. Is B more worthy?
Kat. I should say
He's worth a great deal more than

A.
ENSEMBLE.
Yet A is happy!
Oh, so happy!
Laughing, Ha! ha!
Chaffing, Ha! ha!
Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha!
Ever joyous, ever gay,
Happy, undeserving A!

Ko., Poo., and Pitti.
If I were Fortune—which I'm not—
B should enjoy A's happy lot,
And A should die in miserie—
That is, assuming I am B.

Mik. and Kat. But should A perish?

Ko., Pooh., and Pitti. That should he
(Of course, assuming I am B).
B should be happy!

Oh, so happy!
Laughing, Ha! ha!
Chaffing, Ha! Ha!
Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha!
But condemned to die is he,
Wretched meritorious B!
[Exeunt Mikado and Katisha.]

Ko. Well, a nice mess you've got us
into, with your nodding head and the
deference due to a man of pedigree!

Pooh. Merely corroborative detail, in-
tended to give artistic verisimilitude to an
otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative.

Pitti. Corroborative detail indeed! Cor-
roborative fiddlestick!

Ko. And you're just as bad as he is
with your cock-and-a-bull stories about
catching his eye and whistling an air. But
that's so like you! You must put in your
oar!

Pooh. But how about your big right
right arm?

Pitti. Yes, and your snickersnee!

Ko. Well, well, never mind that now.
There's only one thing to be done. Nanki-
Poo hasn't started yet—he must come to
life again at once. (Enter Nanki-Poo and
Yum-Yum prepared for journey.) Here he
comes. Here, Nanki-Poo, I've good news
for you—you're reprieved.

Nank. Oh, but it's too late. I'm a dead
man, and I'm off for my honeymoon.

Ko. Nonsense! A terrible thing has just
happened. It seems you're the son of the
Mikado.

Nank. Yes, but that happened some
time ago.

Ko. Is this a time for airy persiflage?
Your father is here, and with Katisha!

Nank. My father! And with Katisha.

Ko. Yes, he wants you particularly.

Pooh. So does she.

Yum. Oh, but he's married now.

Ko. But, bless my heart! what has that
to do with it?

Nank. Katisha claims me in marriage,
but I can't marry her because I'm married
already—consequently she will insist on my
execution, and if I'm executed, my wife
will have to be buried alive.

Yum. You see our difficulty.

Ko. Yes. I don't know what's to be
done.

Nank. There's one chance for you. If
you could persuade Katisha to marry you,
she would have no further claim on me,
and in that case I could come to life with-
out any fear of being put to death.

Ko. I marry Katisha!

Yum. I really think it's the only course.

Ko. But, my good girl, have you seen
her? She's something appalling!

Pitti. Ah! that's only her face. She has
a left elbow which people come miles to
see!

Pooh. I am told that her right heel is
much admired by connoisseurs.

Ko. My good sir, I decline to pin my
heart upon any lady's right heel.

Nank. It comes to this: While Katisha
is single, I prefer to be a disembodied spirit.
When Katisha is married, existence will be
as welcome as the flowers in spring.

DUET.—Nanki-Poo and Ko-Ko.
(With Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, and Pooh-
Bah.)

Nank. The flowers that bloom in the spring,
Tra la,

Breathe promise of merry sunshine—
As merrily dance and we sing,

Tra la,
We welcome the hope that they bring,

Tra la,
Of a summer of roses and wine.

And that's what we mean when we
say that a thing
Is welcome as flowers that bloom in
the spring.

Tra la la la la la, &c.

All. Tra la la la, &c.

Ko. The flowers that bloom in the spring,
Tra la,

Have nothing to do with the case.
I've got to take under my wing,

Tra la,
A most unattractive old thing,

Tra la,
With a caricature of a face.

And that's what I mean when I say,
or I sing,

"Oh, bother the flowers that bloom
in the spring."

Tra la la la la la, &c.

All. Tra la la la, Tra la la la, &c.

(Dance and exeunt Nanki-Poo, Yum-Yum,
Pooh-Bah, Pitti-Sing, and Ko-Ko.)

Enter Katisha.

RECITATIVE AND SONG.—Katisha.

Alone, and yet alive! Oh, sepulchre!
My soul is still my body's prisoner!
Remote the peace that Death alone can
give—

My doom, to wait! my punishment, to
live!

SONG.

Hearts do not break!

They sting and ache

For old love's sake,

But do not die,

Though with each breath

They long for death

As witnesseth

The living I!

Oh, living I!
Come, tell me why,
When hope is gone
Dost thou stay on?
Why linger here,
Where all is drear?
Oh, living I!

Come, tell me why,
When hope is gone,
Dost thou stay on?

May not a cheated maiden die?

Ko. (entering and approaching her timidly). Katisha!

Kat. The miscreant who robbed me of
my love! But vengeance pursues—they are
heating the cauldron!

Ko. Katisha — behold a suppliant at
your feet! Katisha—mercy!

Kat. Mercy? Had you mercy on him?
See here, you! You have slain my love. He
did not love me, but he would have loved
me in time. I am an acquired taste—only
the educated palate can appreciate me. I
was educating his palate when he left me.
Well, he is dead, and where shall I find an-
other? It takes years to train a man to love
me. Am I to go through the weary round
again, and, at the same time, implore mercy
for you who robbed me of my prey—I
mean my pupil—just as his education was
on the point of completion? Oh, where shall
I find another?

Ko. (suddenly, and with great vehem-
ence). Here!—Here!

Kat. What ! ! !

Ko. (with intense passion). Katisha, for
years I have loved you with a white-hot
passion that is slowly but surely consuming
my very vitals! Ah, shrink not from me! If
there is aught of woman's mercy in your
heart, turn not away from a love-sick sup-
pliant whose every fibre thrills at your tini-
est touch! True it is that, under a poor
mask of disgust, I have endeavoured to con-
ceal a passion whose inner fires are broiling
the soul within me! But the first will not
be smothered—it defies all attempts at ex-
tinction, and, breaking forth, all the more
eagerly for its long restraint, it declares it-
self in words that will not be weighed—
that cannot be schooled—that should not
be too severely criticised. Katisha. I dare
not hope for your love—but I will not live
without it! Darling!

Kat. You, whose hands still reek with
the blood of my betrothed, dare to address
words of passion to the woman you have so
fouly wronged!

Ko. I do—accept my love, or I perish
on the spot!

Kat. Go to! Who knows so well as I
that no one ever yet died of a broken heart!

Ko. You know not what you say.
Listen!

SONG.—Ko-Ko.

On a tree by a river a little tom-tit
Sang "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do
you sit

Singing 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow'?
"Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I
cried,
"Or a rather tough worm in your little
inside?"

With a shake of his poor little head, he replied,
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that bough,
Singing "Willow titwillow, titwillow!"
And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow,
Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!
He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave,
Then he plunged himself into the billowy wave,
And an echo arose from the suicide's grave—
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name
Isn't Willow, titwillow, titwillow,
That 'twas blighted affection that made him exclaim,
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And if you remain callous and obdurate,
I
Shall perish as he did, and you will know why,
Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die,
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
(During this song Katisha has been greatly affected, and at the end is almost in tears.)

Kat. (whimpering). Did he really die of love?

Ko. He really did.

Kat. All on account of a cruel little hen?

Ko. Yes.

Kat. Poor little chap!

Ko. It's an affecting tale, and quite true. I knew the bird intimately.

Kat. Did you? He must have been very fond of her?

Ko. His devotion was something extraordinary.

Kat. (still whimpering). Poor little chap! And—and if I refuse you, will go and do the same?

Ko. At once.

Kat. No, no—you mustn't! Anything but that! *(Falls on his breast.)* Oh, I'm a silly little goose!

Ko. (making a wry face). You are!

Kat. And you won't hate me because I'm just a little teeny weeny wee bit blood-thirsty, will you?

Ko. Hate you? Oh, Katisha! is there not even beauty even in bloodthirstiness?

Kat. My idea exactly.

DUET.—Katisha and Ko-Ko.

Kat.
There is beauty in the bellow of the blast,
There is grandeur in the growling of the gale,
There is eloquent outpouring
When the lion is a-roaring,
And the tiger is a-lashing of his tail!
Ko. Yes, I like to see a tiger
From the Congo or the Niger,
And especially when lashing of his tail!

Kat.
Volcanoes have a splendour that is grim,
And earthquakes only terrify the dolts,
But to him who's scientific
There's nothing that's terrific
In the falling of a flight of thunderbolts!

Ko. Yes, in spite of all my meekness,
If I have a little weakness,
It's a passion for a flight of thunderbolts!

Both. If that is so,
Sing derry down derry!
It's evident, very,
Our tastes are one.
Away we'll go,
And merrily marry,
Nor tardily tarry
Till day is done!

Ko.
There is beauty in extreme old age—
Do you fancy you are elderly enough?
Information I'm requesting
On a subject interesting:
Is a maiden all the better when she's tough?

Kat. Throughout this wide dominion
It's the general opinion
That she'll last a good deal longer when she's tough.

Ko.
Are you old enough to marry, do you think?
Won't you wait till you are eighty in the shade?
There's a fascination frantic
In a ruin that's romantic;
Do you think you are sufficiently decayed?

Kat. To the matter that you mention
I have given some attention,
And I think I am sufficiently decayed.

Both. If that is so,
Sing derry down derry!
It's evident, very,
Our tastes are one!
Away we'll go,
And merrily marry,
Nor tardily tarry
Till day is done!

[Exeunt together.

Flourish. Enter the Mikado, attended by Pish-Tush and Court.

Mik. Now then, we've had a capital lunch, and we're quite ready. Have all the painful preparations been made?

Pish. Your Majesty, all is prepared.

Mik. Then produce the unfortunate gentleman and his two well-meaning but misguided accomplices.

Enter Katisha, Ko-Ko, Pitti-Sing and Pooh-Bah. They throw themselves at the Mikado's feet.

Kat. Mercy! Mercy for Ko-Ko! Mercy for Pitti-Sing! Mercy even for Pooh-Bah!

Mik. I beg your pardon, I don't think I quite caught that remark.

Pooh. Mercy even for Pooh-Bah.

Kat. Mercy! My husband that was to have been is dead, and I have just married this miserable object.

Mik. Oh! You've not been long about it!
Ko. We were married before the Registrar.
Pooh. I am the Registrar.
Mik. I see. But my difficulty is that, as you have slain the Heir Apparent—
Enter Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum. They kneel.

Nanki. The Heir Apparent is not slain.
Mik. Bless my heart, my son!
Yum. And your daughter-in-law elected!
Kat. (seizing Ko-Ko). Traitor, you have deceived me!

Mik. Yes, you are entitled to a little explanation, but I think he will give it better whole than in pieces.

Ko. Your Majesty, it's like this: It is true that I stated that I had killed Nanki-Poo—

Mik. Yes, with most affecting particulars.
Pooh. Merely corroborative detail intended to give artistic verisimilitude to a bald and—

Ko. Will you refrain from putting in your oar? (To Mikado.) It's like this: when your Majesty says, "Let a thing be done," it's as good as done—practically, it is done—because your Majesty's will is law. Your Majesty says, "Kill a gentleman," and a gentleman is told off to be killed. Consequently, that gentleman is as good as dead—practically, he is dead—and if he is dead, why not say so?

Mik. I see. Nothing could possibly be more satisfactory!

FINALE.

Pitti. For he's gone and married Yum-Yum—
All. Yum Yum!
Pitti. Your anger pray bury,
For all will be merry,
I think you had better succumb—
All. Cumb—cumb!

Pitti. And join our expressions of glee!
Ko. On this subject I pray you be dumb—
All. Dumb—dumb!

Ko. Your notions, though many,
Are not worth a penny,
The word for your guidance is
"Mum"—
All. Mum-mum!

Ko. You've a very good bargain in me.
All. On this subject we pray you be dumb—Dumb—dumb!

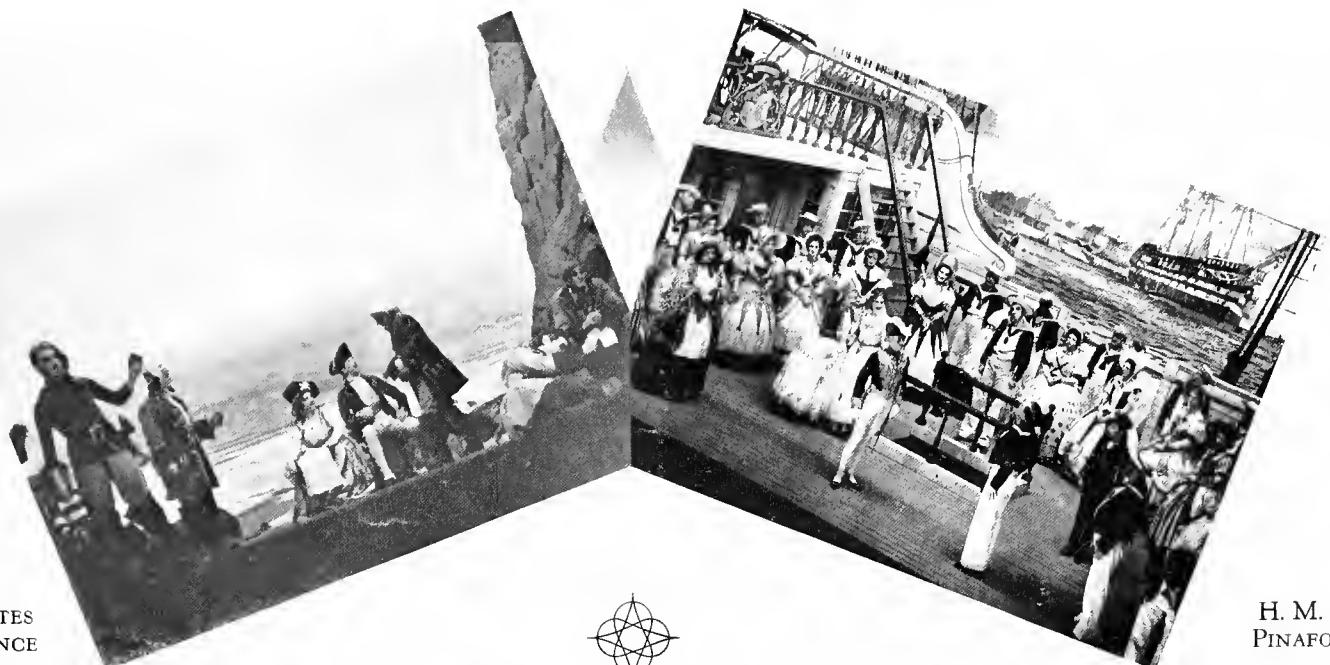
We think you had better succumb—
Cumb-cumb!

You'll find there are many
Who'll wed for a penny,
There are lots of good fish in the sea.
Yum. and Nank.

The threatened cloud has passed away,
And fairly shines the dawning day;
What though the night may come too soon,
We've years and years of afternoon!

All. Then let the throng
Our joy advance,
With laughing song
And merry dance,
With joyous shout and ringing cheer,
Inaugurate their new career!
Then let the throng, &c.

CURTAIN.



THE PIRATES
OF PENZANCE

H. M. S.
PINAFORE



THE GONDOLIERS

THE GONDOLIERS



THE GONDOLIERS



PATIENCE



MARTYN GREEN



ELLA HALMAN



MARGARET MITCHELL



CHARLES DORNING

MARTYN GREEN comes of a musical family. His father was William Green, world-famous tenor. It was his father who taught him to sing at a very early age. Later he studied at the Royal College of Music in London. He toured in "The Maid of the Mountains," "The Southern Maid," and "Sybil" with Jose Collins. He also played the part of Peter in "Hansel and Gretel." He joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in 1922, as a chorister and understudy, and two weeks later played the part of Luiz in "The Gondoliers." For some years he played small parts and understudied the "comedian" roles, which he eventually played to delighted American audiences during the 1934 season. Since that time he has continued to play, sing and dance in these exacting roles with a hilarity, melody and artistry that is characteristic of the man and the parts entrusted to him.

ELLA HALMAN is a native of Sussex. She first took up singing seriously at the age of 18, when she won the Sussex County Scholarship and studied for several years at the Brighton School of Music. She commenced her Operatic career with the Carl Rosa Opera Company and toured with them for three years, after which she resumed her studies, this time in London and took her L.R.A.M. there. After some experience in concert work and teaching, Miss Halman's ambitions led her back to the stage and she joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in 1937, singing in the chorus for three years. Then came the opportunity of playing the role of "The Duchess of Plaza-Toro" at very short notice, and it was immediately obvious that she was ideally suited to the contralto roles which she took over at the end of 1939 and has played with marked success ever since.

MARGARET MITCHELL, one of the young principal sopranos in the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, is of Scottish birth, having been born in Dollar, a few miles outside Glasgow in 1927. She was educated at Dollar Academy and took up singing at an early age; whilst training during the War she entertained at Hospitals and Camps. Her first audition with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company was at the age of 15½ years, but she was told that she was too young. Later she was sent for to attend another audition and joined the Company; within a few weeks she played the part of "Yum-Yum" in "The Mikado." Margaret Mitchell is the possessor of a sweet soprano voice and has a distinct stage personality.

CHARLES DORNING, one of the youthful members of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company who has recently been engaged to play light baritone roles in the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, will be making his first stage appearance in America during the Company's season at the Century Theatre. Charles Dorning is a South African, having been born in Salisbury, Rhodesia, and was educated there. At the age of 17 he came to London to seek a stage career, beginning in the Richmond (Surrey) Repertory Company and very soon was playing leading juvenile parts. Later he played important parts in Shakespeare plays with the Elizabethan Stage Society under William Poel, and, during this time, he studied singing making rapid progress, very soon becoming a member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company during their season at the Lyceum Theatre in London. After this he was engaged to play a leading part in "A Waltz Dream" and "No No Nanette." Then came his first big London success as "Jolidon" in "The Merry Widow" at His Majesty's Theatre. At short

notice he took over the leading part in "Sweet Yesterday" the musical play at the Adelphi Theatre, then toured in "The Lisbon Story" and returned again to the Adelphi Theatre in "Can Can."

RICHARD WATSON, the bass baritone who has rejoined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company after a few years in Australia playing Gilbert and Sullivan roles with marked success. Richard Watson was a student at University Conservatorium, Adelaide, and later became Assistant Master at King's College, Adelaide. He gained the Elder Overseas Scholarship at the Royal College of Music, London, 1927-1930 and became principal bass with the Covent Garden English Opera Company and sang leading roles during the International seasons 1930-1932. Following this he joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company playing various roles until he went to Australia in 1935, returning to Covent Garden in 1937 and then back to Australia in 1940. The present visit will be Richard Watson's first visit to America with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company.

DENISE FINDLAY. There is a delightful suburb to the West of Paris named Marly-le Roi and it was in that little town of Seine-et-Oise some four and twenty years ago that Denise Findlay was born, an issue of one of the many romances of the war of 1914-18. The Scottish soldier met the French girl and both fell in love. They married when the former soldier returned to France after the war to seek his sweetheart and to make his home in that fair country. Denise sang from the earliest age with much purity and sweetness. When she was four her range of operatic arias was startling. An earnest, merry, singing little girl, she was eight when the family left France, going to Glasgow in Scotland and shortly afterwards to Manchester where for some years they resided before returning to Glasgow. Little Denise's talent for singing did not develop for a time for she had become shy with strangers. Her parents had almost despaired of her using her voice publicly until the time came when she was persuaded to sing at a Church Concert. Appreciation of her voice was immediate. Immediate also was the decision to have that voice trained. From that time nearly eight years ago Denise decided that she would be an operatic singer. When she felt her technique was good enough to justify her taking the step, she secured an introduction to Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte who granted her an audition in the early spring of that year. The remainder of Denise's story is quickly told. Having joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company as a chorister she is now playing soubrette parts in the Company.

DARRELL FANCOURT, one of the great names known to Gilbert and Sullivan lovers since 1920, when he joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. Darrell Fancourt plays the bass baritone parts in the Operas, and in his early days studied singing in Germany for eight years under such notable instructors as Lilli Lehmann, Alberto Randegger, Armando Leconte and Dr. Lierhammer. He sang at Symphony Concerts in Paris, Berlin, Geneva and Lausanne, and later he sang regularly at Promenade Concerts under Sir Henry Wood and at the Chappell Ballad Concerts. In 1919 he sang the part of "Prince Galitzky" in "Prince Igor" in the Grand Opera Season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. He has been prominently identified with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company ever since he first joined.



RICHARD WATSON



DENISE FINDLAY



DARRELL FANCOURT





THOMAS ROUND



HELEN ROBERTS



JOAN GILLINGHAM



LEONARD OSBORN

THOMAS ROUND, who is now sharing the tenor roles with Leonard Osborn in the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, is a native of Lancashire, having been born in 1915 at Barrow-in-Furness. He joined the Company at the commencement of the present tour and is now playing "Nanki-Poo" in "The Mikado," "Luiz" in "The Gondoliers," "Frederic" in "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Tololler" in "Iolanthe."

HELEN ROBERTS, who hails from London, studied music under Spencer Clay, after which she went to Italy to perfect her studies and became associated with the Milan Opera Company, singing the part of "Novina" in Donizetti's Opera "Don Pasquale." Returning to England, she appeared as the "Doll" and Antonia" in "The Tales of Hoffman." In 1932 she won the Gold Medal for the best rendering of one of Sir Arthur Sullivan's arias, which aroused an interest in the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, and, after a season with the Glyndebourne Opera Company, she was engaged by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company as one of the principal sopranos. Helen Roberts scored a distinct personal success in the Operas on her previous visit to the States with the Company.

JOAN GILLINGHAM, who is another of the youthful members of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, is a Londoner by birth and, with her twin sister, was educated at the Tiffin Girls' School at Kingston, Surrey, until she was eighteen. On leaving school she obtained a secretarial post in London. Being keen on music she took up voice training under Madam Retta Ariani. In 1942 Joan Gillingham volunteered for the W.A.A.F. and became a Radar Operator. Later, a special W.A.A.F. show was formed at the Air Ministry, and, with her twin sister, she was chosen with eight others out of an audition given to 500. The show toured England and the Continent twice, performing at R.A.F. Camps and Garrison Theatres in Paris, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, Brussels, Lubeck, Keil and Hamburg, etc. On being demobilized Joan Gillingham returned to her secretarial post for a few months, but she found the urge for the Theatre was uppermost, and having been keenly interested in the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company's productions of Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, she applied for an audition which she gave at the Savoy Theatre and joined the Company on tour the following month. A few weeks later she played her first part, that of "Leila" in "Iolanthe," and was then given the opportunity of playing several small parts, in which she has proved herself very successful.

LEONARD OSBORN, who first joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in 1937 as understudy and playing small parts, is another of the Company who served in the R.A.F., his duties mainly being

training and instructing. After serving for six years he was demobbed with the rank of Flight-Lieutenant. During three years in Iceland he gave a number of concerts and later, when stationed in Canterbury, sang in the Cathedral Choir at weekends and gave recitals at the Cathedral. Leonard Osborn is a native of Surrey and first studied for school teaching, but later went into industry as an analytical chemist. On his release from the R.A.F. in 1946 he returned to the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, sharing the tenor roles with Thomas Round, playing "Marco" in "The Gondoliers," "Fairfax" in "The Yeomen of the Guard" and the "Duke" in "Patience."

RICHARD WALKER joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in 1924 as a chorister and understudy. He very soon proved himself a true Gilbert and Sullivan artist and has for some years now been entrusted with baritone leads. Richard Walker studied singing at the Midland Conservatoire and became an Associate and Licentiate of the London College of Music. Like Darrell Fancourt, Helen Roberts and others of the present Company, he scored a distinct success on his previous visits to the States.

GWYNETH CULLIMORE, one of the youthful members of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, being in the early twenties, was born in a small Welsh village and lived a village life until moving to Newport about six years ago. A well-known Welsh professor of music recognized her ability and with him she studied voice production. Her ambition was to join an Opera Company, preferably the D'Oyly Carte. During the War Miss Cullimore worked as a shorthand typist in the Civil Service and in her spare time she was entertaining troops and wounded soldiers, in addition to singing at concerts for charities. She was eventually granted an audition by the D'Oyly Carte Company, and when she obtained her release from the Ministry of Supply joined the Company as a chorister. She very soon became an understudy and was shortly afterwards entrusted with the part of "The Plaintiff" in "Trial by Jury."

ISIDORE GODFREY, the musical director of the Company, is a Londoner. He received his musical training at the Guildhall School of Music, London, under the late Sir Landon Ronald, the famous composer and conductor. He holds the diploma of Associateship, with gold medal, for the highest marks of his year. Mr. Godfrey is also a very gifted pianist and before joining the Company gave many recitals in this capacity. He joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in 1925 and has toured with them all over England, Scotland and Ireland. This is Mr. Godfrey's fourth visit to America with the Company.



RICHARD WALKER



GWYNETH CULLIMORE



ISIDORE GODFREY

*E**Z*



ACT I. — PATIENCE

A Magnificent Tribute

From an eminent Scholar and Gentleman.

Gilbert and Sullivan

It is my conviction that one of the best things that has happened in many years is the visit to the United States of the D'Oyly Carte Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company. These distinguished artists have done more to increase and to cement good fellowship between America and Great Britain than almost any other agency. They did not know when they planned this excursion whether it would be successful or not; they knew that our country was the home of jazz and musical comedy; they were not at all certain that light operas more than 50 years old, given without any changes or any concessions to what is supposed to be contemporary taste would be received with enthusiasm.

The fact is that the productions by this company have been and are the most successful entertainments in New York; the house is sold out for every performance, the stay in our metropolis has already been prolonged a month longer than was advertised originally; and it looks as if they might go on for two or three years if they wished.

The result is that all these British singers love Americans as they never loved them before; and on the other hand,

Americans are so delighted with the presentation of these operatic masterpieces and with the exquisite art displayed by the troupe from across the sea, that we have an affection for these singers and musicians that cannot be cooled or diminished by time.

The wit and humor of Gilbert, the lovely melodies of Sullivan, have been a fresh revelation; it is not too much to say they have helped to educate us in appreciation of the higher form of entertainment. Light opera, as exhibited by this company, is funnier than musical comedy and far more fascinating than jazz.

It would be a serious error to suppose that in the history of music these delightful comic operas take a secondary place. Sir Arthur Sullivan is the greatest musical composer in the history of Great Britain. His works are masterpieces.

We shall continue to talk about these performances long after the company have returned to their native land; and it is certain that in their native land they will have only the most enthusiastic and most affectionate expressions in talking about Americans.

William Lyon Phelps



ACT I. — IOLANTHE



